

Puck

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KEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD!



PUCK,
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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 3rd, 1891. — No. 743.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON THE 28TH OF NOVEMBER, 1814, the London *Times* introduced steam-press printing to the industrial world. The hand-press workmen violently opposed the innovation. They said that it made one workman accomplish the work of three or four; therefore, they argued, it must throw three or four out of employment. They tried to break up the new presses, and their resort to violence was not without popular backing. The conflict was bitter; in the end the proprietors of the paper conquered, and the steam-press became an established factor in the printing business. The *Times*, from a circulation of a few thousand, (its circulation was 1,000 in 1803,) rose in a few years to the position of the leading paper of the world. The hand-press disappeared. The steam-press became of universal use. Hundreds of printers found employment where one had made a scanty living in the old days; and civilization took one of its longest steps forward.

Looking back after seventy-seven years it is easy to denounce the folly of the men who tried to wreck the *Times* presses. But, at the time, those who could look a few years ahead were few, and their arguments had little weight with the men who saw in steam power only the irresistible and pitiless competitor of human energy. These men cried out that their living was taken from them; and they arose in angry revolt against the inevitable. As we say, it is easy enough now to see the stupidity and futility of their revolt. But are we any quicker, in this day of ours, to



RUBBING IT IN.

CLERK (assigning rooms to party just off the Etruria, after a very rough passage).—Front! Show these gentlemen up to C., 6.

learn this simple lesson: that the world moves and we must move with it? Are we not as astonished and perplexed and unreasonable when we find that our own chosen trades and professions must grow with a growing population and enlarge with a broadening civilization?

We look to our farmers for what they themselves have aptly called "cornfield common-sense;" but the doings and sayings of the Farmers' Alliance lead us to believe that it is a rarer commodity than most people think. It is somewhat startling to hear the remedies suggested by the "Third Party" people for the distress which unquestionably prevails among many farmers. "Let the government lend us money," they say, "Decrease the legal rate of interest," "Put the railroad business into the hands of the government," "Let the government buy the crops and sell them"—these are but a few samples of the various schemes for special legislation put forward in all seriousness by various cornfield statesmen. And from all of the rural reformers comes one cry: "Make money plentiful!"

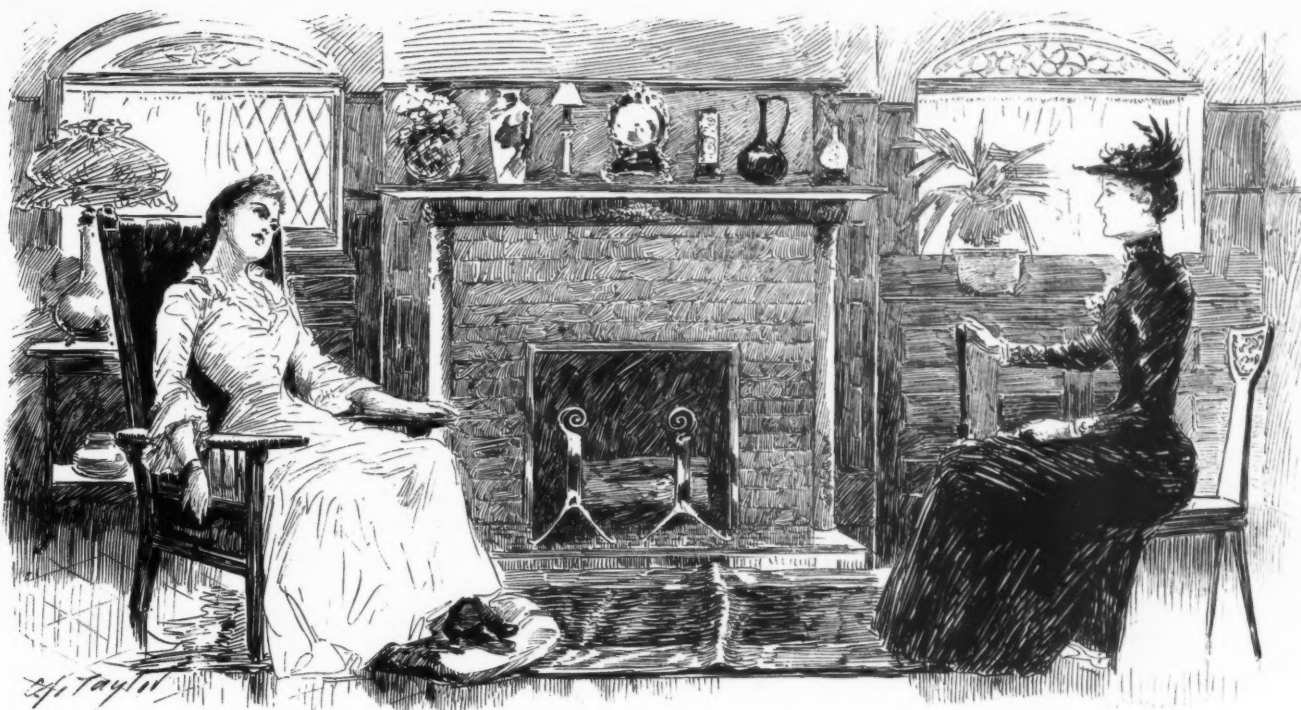
These suggestions are not made in any spirit of Anarchy or contempt of law. They are made and discussed in good faith. It seems to be possible to convince those who make them of the futility of each plan, considered separately. The farmers can be made to understand that the government can no more lend them money at a loss than can a private capitalist; that what they borrow must be paid in the end by somebody, and that nobody is going to pay their debts for them out of pure philanthropy. They can be shown that decreasing the rate of interest by law can not force money-owners to lend on poor security. They can conceive of the vast mischief which might be caused by making every railroad hand an officer of the federal government. They can be led to see that if the government buys, it must tax them for the money to pay for its purchases. And they can, with difficulty, be brought to see that plenty of money does not necessarily mean plenty of money in their own pockets.

But they can not be induced wholly to abandon the idea that special legislation can do for them what they can not do for themselves. It is their most cherished delusion still, in spite of many bitter lessons—the particularly bitter object-lesson of "protective" legislation, for instance, which, the most of them know by this time, protects other people at their expense. And while this delusion continues, the farmer will never face the one plain fact which he must face to live—the fact that his business is no longer possible as he conducts it at present—that for him the day of small things is passing or has passed—that he stands to-day where the hand-printers stood three quarters of a century ago.

It is not the buyer of mortgages, nor the railroad president, nor the Secretary of the Treasury, who is revolutionizing the farming business to-day. The poor farmer must turn his eyes to the West and look upon the rich farmer of the bonanza farms to see the man who, with hundreds of hands, thousands of acres and hundreds of thousands of dollars of capital, is driving the farmer of the small farm out of business. And this big farmer—you may call him a monopolist, if you please, but it will not change the situation—is to the farmer of our father's times what the steam-printer is to the hand-printer. Like the steam-printer, moreover, he is a natural, inevitable evolution of the world's growth.

In 1810 there were seven million people in the United States. In 1891 there are about ten times as many. If we had only those mouths to feed—not counting the myriad mouths abroad that take from a hundred to a hundred and fifty millions of dollars worth of breadstuffs from us each year—ought it not to be clear that we can hardly use the same methods to supply them that we used seventy years ago? Is it strange that they can not depend on the uncertain product of a number of small farms, working without organization, without adequate capital, without the power of getting anything like its full efficient from the ground? Is it to be wondered at that the economics of farming have to be considered as they never were considered before? Why should the farmer be exempt from the laws that govern the merchant and the banker and the manufacturer? The cook of a wayside inn may be able to meet the needs of a houseful of people; but if a regiment comes along, it can not rely on him or on a dozen like him for its commissary department.

What, then, is to become of the hand-farmer, as he might be called—the man who is trying to get a living out of fifty or a hundred acres of land, with the help of his sons and a few hired men? If he lives near a large and certain market, he can perhaps turn his land to commercial advantage by making a truck-farm or an orchard of his wheat-fields. But in too many cases, he must, before long, sink his individuality; and take his place at that big machine to which we may liken the farm of the future, run by the power of capital. But it is to be remembered that he has less to fear from this fate than the printer of old had to fear from the overturning of his business. He has a better education and stronger traditions of independence than any other laboring man has ever had; and it depends far more on himself whether, in the end, he becomes oiler or engineer.



THAT PALE GREEN SHADE.

(THE BRIDE'S Drawing-room—over-furnished and redundantly ornamented in some respects, barren and unsupplied in others, according to the forms which the wedding presents chanced to take. SOPHIE and a SERVANT en scène.)

THE SERVANT.—Mrs. Graham begs that you will kindly wait a few minutes. She will be down directly. (Exit SERVANT.)

SOPHIE (catching her breath).—Mrs. Graham! Oh, I'm not used to hearing it, even yet—little silly! And she's not dressed at half-past four! I wonder how Tom is pleased with her tardiness? He used to tear about and declare I had ceased to love him if I was n't down the moment he called. Ah-h-h! (Sighs.) Why, she lets him smoke here! There's a spent match and a bit of cigar-ash on the mantel! With these Irish point lace curtains, too! They've not quarrelled yet, then, that's certain. Yes, and look at his pipe and newspaper beside the sofa, and those beautiful embroidered pillows all rumpled and creased! How she loves him! I see, also, that she's changed the shade of the parlor lamp I gave her—to pink, naturally—I had it pale green, on purpose to vex her; but, of course, she perceived at once how ghastly it made her look. Tom used to say I was the only girl he ever saw who could bear pale green—oh, dear! They sit there by the fire, evidently—she in the big chair, while he—Tom used to like a hassock—yes, there it is, right by the chair—oh, I know well the way he looks up and flatters—huh! uh! (chokes)—and she smooths his hair—uh!—and then he—uh!—oh!—oh!—Mercy me, this won't do! I'll have red eyes in another second, and I'm not sure yet that she does n't know all about—

(Enter THE BRIDE, in a very bride-like reception dress, joyous, smiling, radiant—and ready for what may happen.)

THE BRIDE.—Sophie!

SOPHIE.—Nan!

(Ardent embrace, during which SOPHIE notices that THE BRIDE does n't offer her lips, and THE BRIDE observes that SOPHIE merely pecks at her.)

SOPHIE (apart).—She saves them for him!

THE BRIDE (same).—She would like to bite me! (Aloud.) Oh, such a delightful trip as we've had! I don't know when we should have returned if Mr. Graham—

SOPHIE (apart).—Not "Tom"? She's making me a formal acquaintance of his. I truly believe she does know about it!

THE BRIDE.—if Mr. Graham had not been called back by business—

SOPHIE (brightening).—Business? Indeed!

THE BRIDE (perfectly comprehending).—which he would have utterly neglected, had I not forced him to end our journey. I was obliged almost to scold him before he consented to come home.

SOPHIE (depressed).—Oh!

THE BRIDE (pursuing her advantage).—But he finished by doing as I advised. I find that he generally does.

SOPHIE (apart).—How she takes possession of him—creature!

THE BRIDE.—And you can't imagine how cosy and happy we are here. Mr. Graham actually refuses to go out evenings—calls it a wicked waste of time!

SOPHIE (rather spitefully).—How he has changed!

THE BRIDE (in arms immediately).—Since when, pray?

SOPHIE (apart).—Yes, she does know about it! (Aloud.) Oh, three or four years. You've not known him so long as that, have you, dear?

THE BRIDE (sweetly).—No; I was a school-girl then. I think he once said he had known you in your second or third season, which was about that time ago, was n't it, dear?

SOPHIE (apart).—How stupid to give her that opening! (Aloud.) Yes; as you say, Tom—

THE BRIDE (haughtily).—Yes; as I say, Mr. Graham—

SOPHIE (confused).—Mr. Graham—oh, certainly—yes—exactly!

THE BRIDE (changing subject; but, we fear, not from compassion).—Why, I've not thanked you for your lovely present—that charming lamp! And the color of the shade precisely suits my complexion. So thoughtful of you!

SOPHIE (apart).—When she changed it herself! The impudence of the woman! (Aloud.) I'm afraid I did n't show particularly good taste. These flaring pinks are dreadfully common, don't you think?

THE BRIDE (serenely).—Possibly. My preference, I'm willing to confess, is for pale green. Mr. Graham says I'm the only woman he ever saw who could bear it.

SOPHIE (excited).—What! Did Tom say that?

THE BRIDE (frigidly).—Mr. Graham said that.

SOPHIE (helplessly).—Ah! (Apart.) I'm no match for her—and Tom!

THE BRIDE (serene again).—But, really you must n't for an instant suppose that I'm ungraciously picking flaws in your splendid gift. Such a pleasure as it is to us! I sit there under it, while Mr. Graham smokes, and read Rossetti to him—he's so fond of Rossetti!

SOPHIE (reckless).—He used to declare that he could n't bear Rossetti's poems—called them trash—

THE BRIDE (loftily).—Yes? But, do you know, I fancy he has altered for the better in the past year or two? At least, he frequently says he has.

SOPHIE (apart).—I must go—I can't endure her any longer. (Rises.)

THE BRIDE.—And he's good enough to ascribe it to my influence, yet—are you positively leaving? So soon? Why—

SOPHIE (her last shot).—By the way, won't you permit me to make an improvement on the lamp? I'll send you a pale-green shade, instead of the pink one, and then you'll be perfectly suited. You prefer pale green, you know.

THE BRIDE (undismayed).—My dear, I should like it of all things, if I were the only one interested—but Mr. Graham—

SOPHIE (nervously).—Well?

THE BRIDE (with meaning).—Mr. Graham seems to have some unpleasant association connected with pale green—he says he hates the very sight of it.

SOPHIE (crushed).—Oh!

THE BRIDE (declaring war).—And, now I recollect, I think there is a pale green shade somewhere about the house. (Going close to her.) Would n't you like to have it—again? Green's a remarkably appropriate tint—for you—it's the color of—(whispers).

SOPHIE (outside, between sobs).—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It was that horrid shade that exposed me! Nobody but a girl suffering from j—from what she just named—would ever have sent a brunette a pale green shade!

Manley H. Pike.

MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

AN UNDIPLOMATIC DIARY.

DECEMBER 30TH.—Would God that the Princess Effluvia had never seen me. Here I am, banished, in the depth of Winter, to St. Petersburg, and all because my presence is dangerous to the peace of mind of the German princesses! What a twinkle there was in my sovereign's eye when he bade me adieu, poking me at the same time in the ribs and saying, "*Tu es un brave garçon!*" (You're a cuckoo.)



JANUARY 5TH.—St. Petersburg at last, after an interminable journey across the steppes and ice-bound plains. The Czar sent a brace of Grand Dukes to meet me at the depot, and offer me my choice of the Imperial palaces; but I prefer the modest quarters close to our embassy, which my sovereign ordered for me by telegraph. "It is a delicate mission," he said to me on parting, "and only to you would I entrust this secret." I find I am to be lionized. What a bore! I would like to go into some business that does not require me to be irresistible to the ladies.

JANUARY 6TH.—Dropped in to see the Czar at the Touchemoff Palace—a handsome house, fitted with all the modern improvements, perfect drainage, bomb-proof, and no malaria—and was warmly welcomed by the sovereign. His Majesty observed that it was a cold day, and that an early frost had been predicted by the weather prophet; a remark which made it apparent to an old and grizzled diplomat like myself that he desired to gain time. He said the Empress would see me later, and dismissed me with a courteous "*Allez vous en!*" (Git!) The Empress, received me in the afternoon, and tried not to show that she disliked me. I felt tempted—but, no, my fascinations have made me trouble enough already. I will be merciful this time.

JANUARY 7TH.—Count Longbow invited me to a supper to-night to meet M^{lle} Nathalie, the *première* of the opera. A very pleasant evening. Just as the party broke up, the Count killed himself just because M^{lle} Nathalie said I was the only real gentleman in the room, and she would be pleased to have me call and take her out to supper some evening. This has been rather an off day for me.

JANUARY 8TH.—Ball to-night at the American legation. Professor West, the American minister, like most of his compatriots, is rich and wears gray chin whiskers and no moustache. While I was standing between Prince Borrowdollar and the old Countess of Whiskyskin I beheld a woman in a tailor-made suit of pansy-colored brocade, open at the front and garnished down the front breadth with passementerie and ruchings. As I looked at her, I involuntarily hummed the old couplet beginning: "She was the belle of the ball." And that, too, although the Einsteins, the Lippmanns—in short, the very cream of the court circle of Petersburg—were present.

I was presented to her. She lifted a face of exquisite, ravishing beauty, and regarded me steadily for a moment. Then her lovely eyes fell, and I saw her dash away a tear from her damask cheek.

"You remind me," I said nonchalantly, "of a superb Grecian statue I once saw in Rome, except that you have *beaux yeux*, and those of the statue were cold and expressionless."



I watched the effect of my words. She seemed strangely affected by my glance. Her lips moved as if she were about to speak, and I bent my head to catch her words. With a pretty *moue* she uttered the simple phrase, "Come off!"



JANUARY 11TH.—I have learned the name and story of this adorable woman. She is Mrs. Johnson, of Troy. Years ago, when she was a light-hearted, innocent girl, she married Mr. Johnson, then in his seventieth year, with the express understanding that he should not live longer than three months. As he was wealthy, she consented to make this heroic sacrifice. But the miscreant blighted her young life by remaining on this planet until he was eighty-two. While she was awaiting his obsequies, she sought to divert her mind by plunging into the mad whirl of fashionable life, and for more than ten years she reigned as a queen in the most exclusive and brilliant circles of her native city.

JANUARY 12TH.—I am not naturally a vain man, but I know my power with women. It is not my fault if the Grand Duchesses insist upon writing me notes, and asking me to meet them on the Avenuesky after the *matinée*. Such triumphs as these I care but little for; but when Mrs. Johnson told me, as we were dining with the Czar the other night, that I looked perfectly elegant in my uniform, it sent a thrill through my diplomatic heart, and brought the blood to my pale cheeks.

JANUARY 13TH.—Several ladies called to-day, but I sent word that I was out, and remained by my fireside, dreaming of my adorable Mrs. Johnson.

JANUARY 14TH.—There was a review of the entire Russian army in my honor to-day. I did not care to go, and was about to send word to the Czar at the last moment that I was indisposed, when I received a note from Mrs. Johnson, saying that she would be at a window in the Zuboff House, to see me ride past.

JANUARY 25TH.—She is going back to America; but she has promised to be mine. She will write me from Troy. she says. How can I live until that letter arrives?



JANUARY 30TH.—She has gone. I saw her off at the station, and with my usual tact bought for her all the latest magazines and a package of choice caramels, and put them in her lap just before the train started.

APRIL 1ST.—This morning a letter was placed before me on a silver salver. It was from Mrs. Johnson. I opened it with trembling hands, and read:

"Do not curse me, I implore; but when you receive this I shall be the bride of another. My gentleman friend from Troy (of whom you have heard me speak and whose photograph I enclose) was on the dock to meet me when I returned. He had left his laundry, and come all the way down the river to meet me. His devotion touched me. He has not your elegant ways, and wears plainer clothes; but he has a steady business, which counts for something. I have mailed this to reach you on the first of April.

Farewell for ever,

MRS. JOHNSON."

When I had finished this letter I wept.

James L. Ford.



POOR MAMA!

MISS SIMPER.—Ma can't seem to realize that her daughters are not children any more.
MR. WINDTHREW.—No?

HER PLAN.

MISS GRACE CHURCH SPEAKS.

THIS SUMMER in New York I'll stay;
No Richfield Springs for me,
Nor giddy Narragansett Pier
Beside the sounding sea.

I'll flee not to the mountain high,
When sweet September fills
The air with balm, to join the hop
That glads the Berkshire Hills.

No Saratoga, Appledore,
Nantucket, Moosehead Lake
For me; I'll stay in town and roast
And languish for Love's sake.

When other maidens hie unto
Those regions of romance,
I'll be a city Summer girl,
And have a better chance.

The town all Summer's full of men
Who can't seek pastures green—
The girls are in the country, then,
Where man is seldom seen.

And while they gossip o'er croquet
Or tennis on the turf,
Or cling unto the dripping rope
That stretches through the surf,

Oh, then, I'll ply my finest art
In manner gay and free,
On men who in the Winter crush
Would scarcely notice me.

The absent "buds," I'm certain, quite,
Will never, never guess
That I am working silently
For future happiness.

Oh, let them haste to sea and mount,
All in the "giddy" whirl!
I'm going to stay in town and be
A city Summer girl!

R. K. M.

THE PURIST.

PUBLISHER.—How many words has your story?

AUTHOR.—About three thousand.

PUBLISHER.—But, my dear fellow, we can't make a book out of three thousand words. It would n't fill fifteen pages.

AUTHOR.—Yes; but I've used the words over and over again, you know.

THOUGHT IT WAS RAPID.

"I heard a man praising our rapid transit system this morning," said Knickerbocker.

"Who was he?" asked Hicks.

"Mr. Biddlemaker of Philadelphia."

THE ELEPHANT WALKS AROUND.

"Did you enjoy the circus, Johnny?"

"Very much. I had a ride on a big leather animal with a snake on his nose."

HUCKLEBERRY.

There's a light in the window for me,
To enable my eyes to see
That the other fellow's got there ahead,
And I'd better go home to my folding bed,
For the evening is cold for three.

R. L. H.

CAST IN THE SHADE.

FRANK.—What has become of your poodle?

MAY.—Oh, poor, poor Flossie, I hated to give her up; but—but—

FRANK.—But what?

MAY.—Bluefern did n't have a shade that would match her.

HE CARRIED THEM LONG ENOUGH.

POSTMASTER.—So, you would like a position as letter-carrier. Have you ever had any experience?

APPLICANT.—Yes, sir; my wife has always given me all her letters to post. You might ask her.

THE ANGLOMANIAC.

He apes the English, don't you know,
Though Wales would have a fit
If he supposed the copy good,
And thought *he* looked like *it*.



WANTED MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

SINCLAIR.—Uncle Tom says that if I marry you, he will set us up in a nice little cottage.

EVA.—No, I guess not; no Uncle Tom's Cabin for me.

A RELIC OF THE OZARKS.



CIRCUMSTANCES and a certain newspaper special recently compelled me to spend a night in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri. Before retiring, the farmer at whose house I had sought shelter, invited me into the front room, and in his homely way sought to entertain me by showing every article of interest. I became acquainted with the name, age and history of each occupant of the photograph album. I looked at samples of the various ores found on his land. But what interested me most, as a relic-hunter, was a piece of perforated card-board, on which was stitched, with colored zephyr, an odd design composed of Indian arrowheads.

His wife informed me that this was the last piece of fancy work done by their only daughter before her death, three years previous.

Now, these arrowheads were of broader and more regular shape than any I had ever seen before. One of them would just complete my collection. I made bold to ask for one. My request was granted; and, detaching the coveted relic, I carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and deposited it in my vest pocket.

Next day I was speeding toward St. Louis. I bethought me of my arrowhead. I took it out and unwrapped it. Yes, there it was. I rubbed it on my sleeve to brighten it up a little bit. Through the accumulated dust and dirt of years, I thought I could detect red stains. Ah! here was a mystery. Poison, brewed who knows how many long years ago, in the tepee of some Indian medicine man. I rubbed it vigorously with my handkerchief. Gradually the red stains assumed the shape of characters.

By dint of perseverance and careful rubbing, I managed to decipher: "MAY I SEE YOU HOME?"

My Indian arrowhead was a candy heart.

LEFT HIM OUT.

"America faw Amerwicans!"

Young Algy cried of late.

"Ah!" said his friend; "and when do you intend to emigrate?"

AT AN ARIZONA POST.

THE LIEUTENANT (*pointing to the cañon*).—If you don't accept me, to-morrow I shall be down at the bottom of that cañon.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.—What—dead?

THE LIEUTENANT.—No—fishing.

THE "BOUNDED WAVES" must be those within the three-mile limit.

"ABSENCE MAKES the heart grow fonder." But not absence of mind.

TAKE CARE of the pennies, and you will soon have a larger amount than will be legal tender.

"WHY DO they say 'sure as a gun?'"

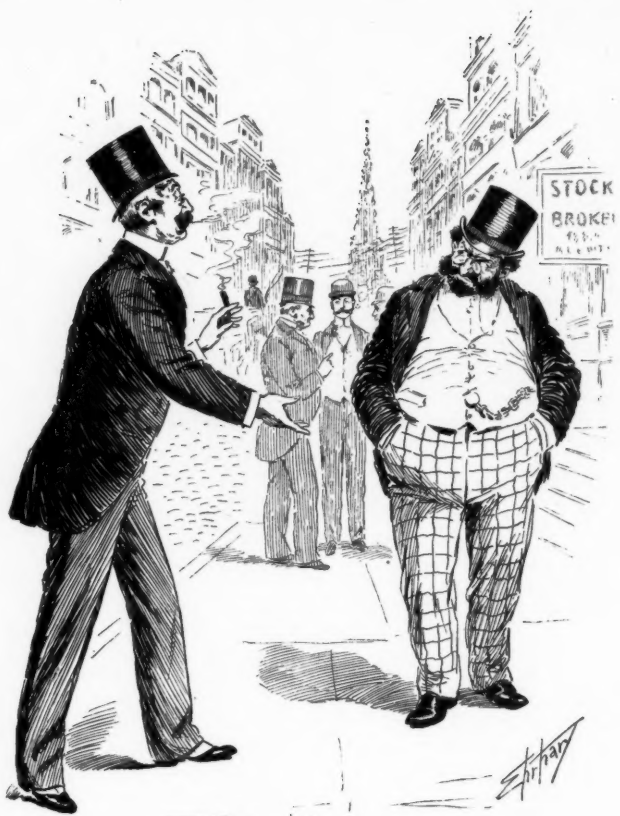
"Because a gun is cock-sure."

A SUMMER RESORT — Iced Drinks.

THE BOGUS DOLLAR is hard to push; but it often is lead.



DEACON KORNFED.—By gum, he gin it to him, there!
MRS. KORNFED.—Air yeou readin' the Rev. Mr. Shouter's sermon, Hezekiah?



AMENITIES OF THE BOARD.

MARGENT FLUX (*been a bad day for him*).—Hullo, Dobson, how do?

MORGENROTH.—But I am not Dobson. What for you call me dat?

FLUX.—Oh, because I hate Dobson.

HE WAS N'T IN IT.

"What do you think the best advertising medium?"

"I could n't tell you; I really know very little about the spiritualists."

DOWN TOWARD THE FOOT.

"Don't you know him? Why, he's a prominent limb of the law."

"So? Well, then, the law must be on its last legs."

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.



DEACON KORNFED.—No; Melinda. I'm jest glancin' over Prof. Corbett's discourse at San Francisco.

THE PINCH OF POVERTY — Salt for its Potatos.

DAMNATION — The Hollanders.

THE MAN who avoids mistakes by never trying to do anything, makes a big mistake.

ABOVE HIS BUSINESS — The Boss.

VERY PETITE ladies doubtless intend to be as truthful as any one; but don't you notice that they almost invariably draw the long beau?

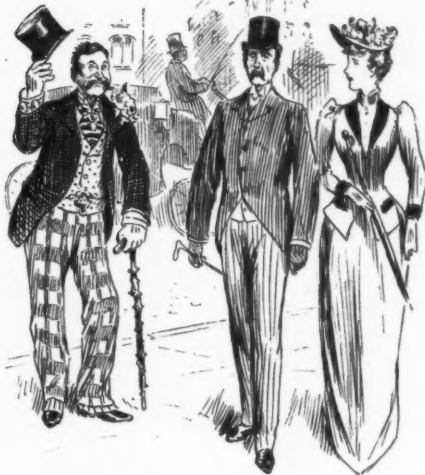
THE MAN who follows the crowd may not always be right; but if he stands aside he is pretty sure to be left.

AN OVERDRAWN ACCOUNT — The Sensational Reporter's Tale.

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.



Save us from the friend who sends promiscuous friends of *his* to us, with letters of introduction.



Save us from the friend with the loud taste in clothes, who never fails to greet us with effusive cordiality.



Save us from the friend who is building a house in the country, and wants to show the plans to everybody.



Save us from the athletic friend who exhibits his strength on every occasion.



Save us from the old family friend who knew our grandfather when he first started in business, and tells us all about it every time we meet him.



And save us, oh, save us from the friend who is in love, and won't talk of anything but the object of his affections.



A MAN OF NERVE.

A broad-striped coat, a dotted vest,
Checked trousers, a red tie,
A stove-pipe hat, a colored shirt,
A collar very high,
A pair of patent-leather shoes,
Oh, picturesque display!
I thought it was a dummy,
Till it slowly walked away.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC EPITHET.

DR. PRECISE.—You call Micklowsky a rank Communist. Is n't that a contradiction in terms?

DR. PUNCTUM.—Not at all. He is one who, ignoring caste, wishes to hold the title to everything owned by somebody else.

BADLY NEEDED.

MR. HEDAIK (*in auction-room*).—And have n't you really got a silent partner?

AUCTIONEER.—No; why?

MR. HEDAIK.—Because I thought you made noise enough for two!

WORTH TRYING.

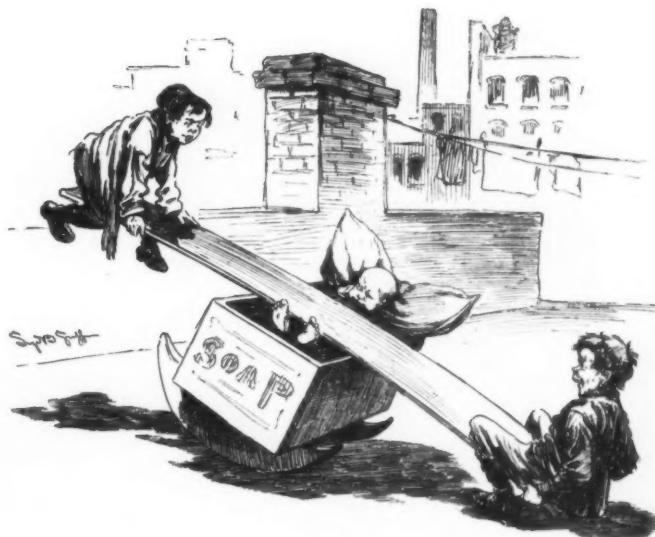
MAGE.—Do you suppose George Poor would be base enough to marry me for my money?

MADGE.—Well, you might flash a copy of *Bradstreet's* on him some day.

PREFERRED CREDITORS.—The Man who was Tired of having Everyone his Debtor.

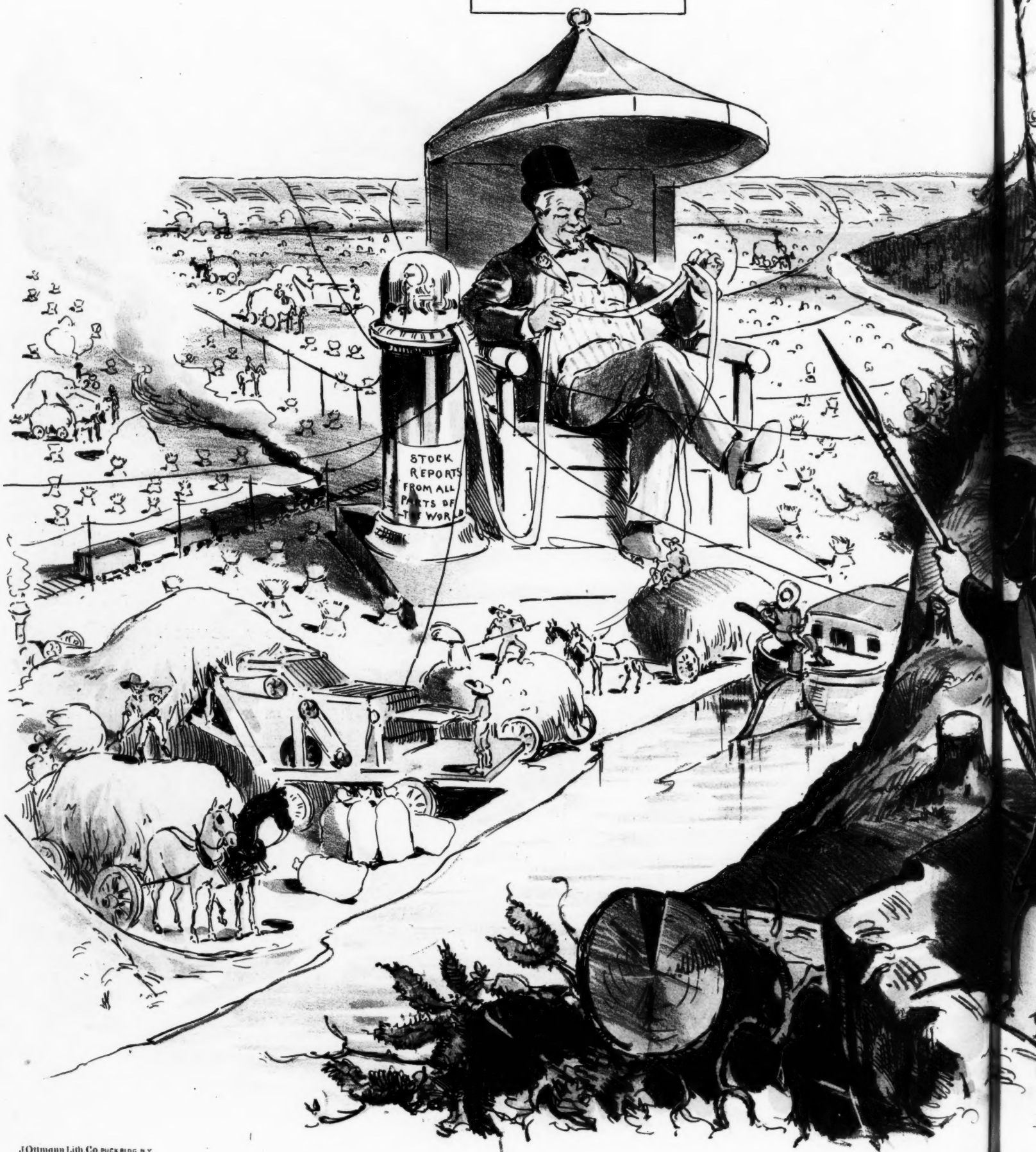
TO A SCAMPER.

He'd half-do everything he tried —
'T was really very sad, too.
Completeness he could not abide,
And finished naught, save when he died,
And then, Egad! he had to.



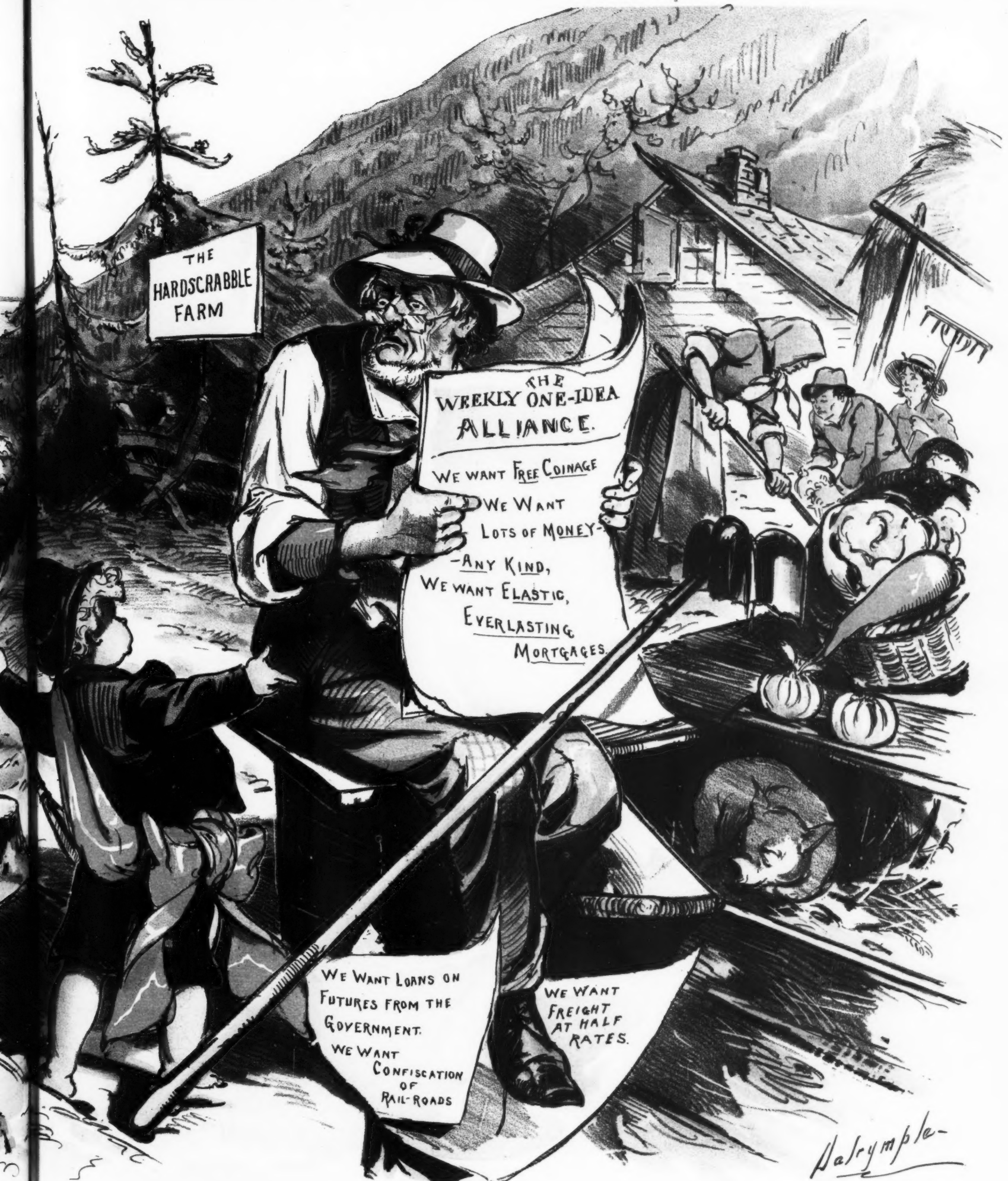
MAKING A PLEASURE OF A DUTY.

THE
BONANZA FARMS
OF THE WEST.



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Bldg. N.Y.

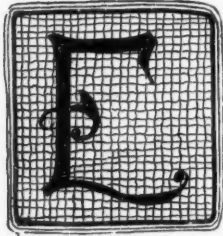
FACE THE F
PUCK (to DISCONTENTED FARMER).— My friend, no special legislation will help you to compete with farmer v



THE FACTS!
The farmer with big brains and a big purse. The monopolists you have to fight are right in your own business!

GONE ASTRAY.

The following sketches were recently received at this office. Though evidently intended for another publication, we could not resist the temptation to lay them before our readers:



EDITOR "DRAWER" — Sir:

Who is not familiar with the character of Moses — the law-giver of the Israelites? His lofty purpose, his high forehead, his noble enthusiasm have indelibly imprinted themselves upon the lost tribes, wherever they are found. Every incident relating to that undaunted soul is worthy of preservation.

A clerical friend, whom we will for the nonce designate as Brother B., was lately the recipient of a surprise party. No one who is familiar with

his biting wit, his cutting sarcasm, his side-splitting anecdotes, his button-bursting stories, his *jeux d'esprit*, his bon-mots, and his humorous jokes will fail to comprehend that when, just as the surprise party, among whom were Brothers D. and E., and others no less appreciative, including the genial Colonel F., were entering the front parlor, a gust of wind extinguished the large duplex lamp which burned upon the marble centre-table, Brother B. was ready with a story.

"Where," said he, in the apparently careless tone with which he is wont to introduce some of his finest *double-entendres*, "where —" (we were all agog) — "was Moses when the light went out?"

Several apt answers were made. Mrs. D. suggested that he was in the vicinity. Mrs. E. — dear soul! — supposed that he was on Mount Pisgah. There being nothing further offered, Brother B., with an unctuous chuckle, gave the solution: "Why," said he, smiling, "where would he be but in the dark?"

Roars of laughter greeted the Sally, who came in with the matches. Brother B. is certainly a corker.

AN OLD READER.

It is whispered that a certain Royal Personage in England is not without a vein of humor. Dr. G., who was lately invited ("commanded" is the technical term, we believe), to lunch at Windsor, was present when the Gillie in waiting neglected to shut the portal. Instead of the withering rebuke which the cutting draft might have justified, Her Royal Highness V. asked in a quiet tone:

"When is a door, Gillie, not a door?"

Being Scotch, the honest fellow stared uneasily, and awaited her answer. Then, with hardly more than a gleam of the delicate humor which the Maids of Honor know so well, she added, in an equable tone:

"Why, when it is ajar. Shut it, Gillie, me boy!"

It is unnecessary to add, says Dr. G., dryly, that the door was closed. It is these kindly traits which endear her to her loyal subjects.

Thanks. Let us hear from you again, Dr. G.

A bright boy of eighteen summers, over whose curly pate the foot of Father Time has trod but lightly, occasionally convulses his parents by a quaint question or bright remark.

We are indebted to Mrs. H. for the latest of his *mots*.

It was a bright starlight night, and the heavens were bespangled. "Twinkle, twinkle" had been duly said; little Willie's prayers were ended with the quaint petition: "Bless everybody in Boston and adjacent towns;" and he went to the window to say good night to the moon, as is his pretty custom for the last seventeen years.

"Nighty, Moonie!" said little Willie. Then his bright orbs were fixed upon the no less shining orbs of night — the stars.

"Are those the holes where the angels peep through?" he asked.

I thought the naïveté of the question delicious! Was it not, Mr. Editor?

We do indeed think so. Would we were all as naïveté as little Willie!

QUART-RAINS.

When the Children of Israel were in the desert,

Upon what do you think they did fare?

Of course we can't swear to their *manna* of living,

But think that they ate the Sandwiches (which is) there!!



PUCK'S PATENT SUGGESTIONS.

TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS AND SEMPSTRESSES.

Who was the father of Zebedee's children?

You all give it up? Then listen to me.

Who was the father of Zebedee's children,

Excepting the *said father*, old Zebedee?!!

When just forty-nine, where was Moses going?

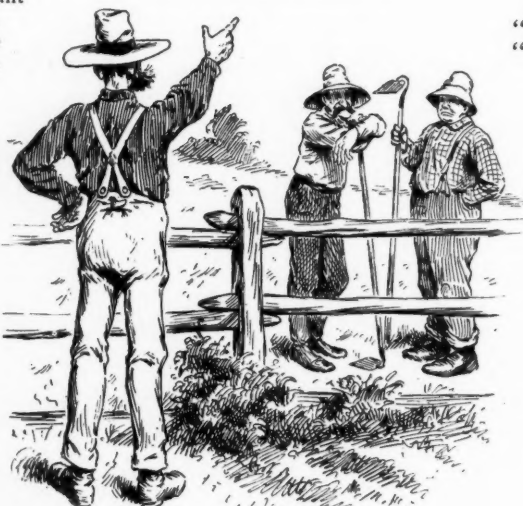
Aha, you can't guess! Then, hark, you shall hear:

When just forty-nine, old Moses was going

Onward and into his fiftieth year!!!!

O. K.

HE WAS MISTAKEN.



FARMER WOODLOTS (to his hired men).—
Is that what ye call workin'? You're the two
laziest critters in the county — ain't got life
enough in ye to put one foot in front of t'other!

A MATTER OF POLICY.

"Has Arthur quit smoking cigarettes for good?"
"Oh, no; only until he can get his life insured."

A VICE-VERSA.

"Shocking, is n't it?"

"Perfectly dreadful! It reminds one of
Madame de Stael's exclamation: 'O Crime!
what liberties are committed' in thy name!'"

IN THE TENDERLOIN PRECINCT.

"What's Tim doing now?"

"Time."

THE VIRTUOUS follow the biblical injunction
to "hold fast that which is good;" but
there are more who hold good that which is
fast.

THE TAILOR whose fashions are blindly
followed rapidly assumes Czartorial airs.



(Just then the dinner-horn was heard.)

THE USUAL REACTION.

CAN THIS be I who on the stool
Of silent meditation sit,
In all the club the only fool
Who frank confesses it?
And John, who quickly at my
hand
The solitary beaker sets,
Does he my silence
understand? —
I've paid my debts.

Unheeded pass the gay and free
Who still bloom sportive on the stem —
I wonder is the change in me,
Or can it be in them?
No longer in the window I
Among them book my little bets;
They look on me with pitying eyes —
I've paid my debts.

Is Raceland scratched? Is Tenny lame?
In faith I do not care a rap:
Alone I stand outside the game,
A melancholy chap.
Here fall together aces four,
There spin the ravishing roulettes —
Alas, for me they spin no more —
I've paid my debts.

From her barouche on Union Square
A killing glance Carlotta threw,
And I could only dumbly stare,
Carlotta, dear, at you.
The light which shed such radiant tints
And shone round all your sweet *poulettes*
Seems, somehow, to have vanished since
I've paid my debts.

There was a day, there was a night,
They blended, and you reigned o'er both;
And bankrupt I could follow, light
Of heart and nothing loath.
To-day is only one day long,
To-day I send you my regrets,
To-day has one depressing song —
I've paid my debts.

O too insatiate moral law!
Why thus upon my system act?
Who swears to live without a flaw
Need he to do so in fact?
Yet from the rosy-fingered band
Not one appeal my fancy
whets —
I can't forget I'm married, and
I've paid my debts.

Thomas Wharton.

TWO OF A TRADE can
never agree. Work-
men can't even roll
barrels of flour without
a little falling out.

EVENING SHADOWS
— Hiring a Detect-
tive to Watch the Man
who is having you
Spotted.

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The Hot "Frankfurter."

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

SEDGEWICK MORRIS (to HIS BUTCHER).—
But how the deuce are we going to settle this
rapid transit problem without spending millions
of money?

HIS BUTCHER.—Vell, I told you how it vas.
I shoost lives mit my family ofer der store, und
I haf only one flight to walk up.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.
A Southern Expression.

THE "SPOTTERS" BALKED.

"I hear Jack Cribly distinguished himself in
his final examinations at college."

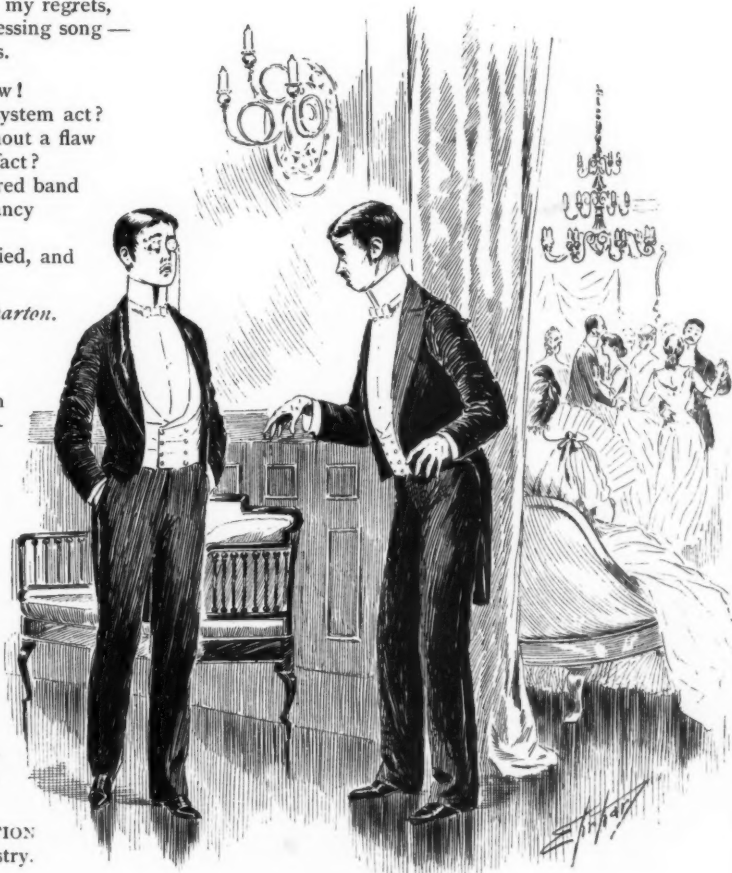
"Yes; his sleight-of-hand was truly marvel-
ous."

A UNION OF TYRANTS.

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—O John! I have such
terrible news.

HUBBY.—What is it, dear?

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—Our cook is going to
marry the janitor. Whatever wil' become of us?



COMING UP TO THE SCRATCH.

MR. ROCKAWAY BEECHE.—Aw! What's matter with
hand, Howy?

MR. HOWELL GIBBON.—Ah! Been dancing with one of
those wosebuds. Must be imitation wose-bud — the thorns
were pins.

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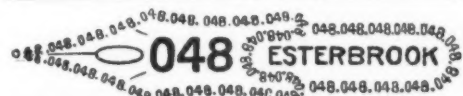
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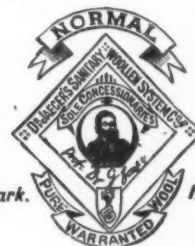
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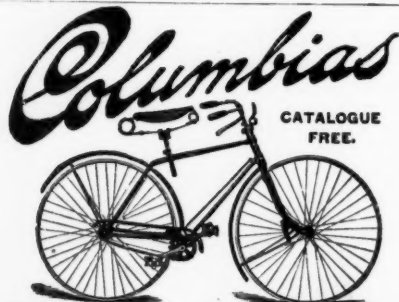
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IN THE HOTEL BUSINESS.

"James, I don't see you waiting at the table any more."

"No, sah; I've been promoted. I've entry clerk now."

"You an entry clerk! I never knew you were a book-keeper."

"Oh, I ain't. I jes' keep my eye on de umbrellas, hats and things de boad'ers leave in the entry."—*Kate Field's Washington*.

GREAT SHAKES.

"Mrs. Wanamaker has shaken 20,000 hands since her husband has been in Washington."

"That's nothing. Her husband has shaken twice that number in the Post-office."—*The Epoch*.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—I see they have an instrument now they place on the piano to kill the sound.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK.—Well, that's simply a waste of time. Why don't they put it on the player?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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"THAT'S what I call relief from an unexpected quarter," said the tramp who asked for a nickel and got a twenty-five cent piece.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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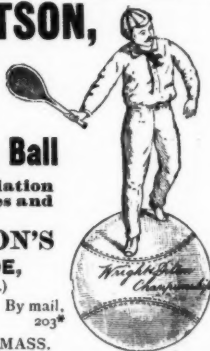
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THE Atlanta Constitution says to some people who are hunting heretics: "Let them alone and look for more good people." Certainly; you would be surprised.—*Peck's Sun*.

THE man who is so superstitious that he won't sit down to the table with thirteen, never stops to count the persons congregated when he patronizes a free-lunch counter.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

IN Boston men are beginning to emancipate themselves from the gentler sex. A man has started a millinery store.—*Texas Siftings*.

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STAGE fright is thus described by Ellen Terry: "You feel as if a centipede, all whose feet had been carefully iced, had begun to run about in the roots of your hair."—*Boston Post*.

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RECENTLY A MAN in well-to-do circumstances was grumbling to a friend on the ferry-boat.

"I have just been left ten thousand dollars," he said.

"Then why do you grumble?" asked the other.

"Because I should have had twenty."

"I have n't had a cent left me," replied the other;

"and I don't know how I'm going to pay my next month's rent."

"I should n't think you'd be so jolly," snarled the legatee.

"I'm very happy," said the other.

"What makes you happy, I'd like to know?"

"This," said the sad man, holding up a copy of

PICKINGS FROM PUCK: "It makes you laugh away dull care, and feel as happy as a bobolink in a field of clover on a sunny June morning."

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THE xylophone player is the fellow who makes the "woods ring."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THERE's nothing like sticking to a thing when you apply yourself to it, as the fly said when it alighted on the fly-paper.—*Texas Siftings*.

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BILLY MCGEE AND BILLY MCGAW.
Billy McGaw he was foolish and free,
But wise and exclusive was Billy McGee;
Billy McGee was a fellow of law,
But a child of disorder was Billy McGaw.
And there rolled a social impassable sea
'Twixt poor Billy McGaw and wise Billy McGee.

Poor Billy McGaw nobody could see,
He passed by unnoticed by Billy McGee;
Billy McGee tried to freeze him with awe,
"I don't freeze for a cent," muttered Billy McGaw.
Said Billy McGaw, "I'm as good as you be."
"He's a vagabond tramp," muttered Billy McGee.

But they were both born by the same human law,
Was wise Billy McGee and poor Billy McGaw,
Poor old Billy McGaw the one used to be,
And the other the Honorable William McGee.
Billy McGee was without fleck or flaw,
While a bundle of follies was Billy McGaw.

Let us pity them both — by fate's merciless laws
All are Billy McGees and all Billy McGaws.
'T is a toss at our birth which one we shall be,
Poor Billy McGaw or wise Billy McGee;
And often through life there's perpetual war
'Twixt one's Billy McGee and one's Billy McGaw.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

THE Mayor of New Orleans is named Shakespeare. He is not afraid of his Bacon.—Yonkers Statesman.

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"THE Death Penalty," by Andrew J. Palm, is a recent publication. Palm has also been the author of a good many other penalties, but they were for juvenile offenders and not necessarily fatal in their consequences.—Yonkers Gazette.

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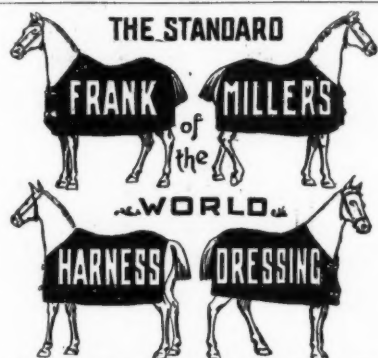
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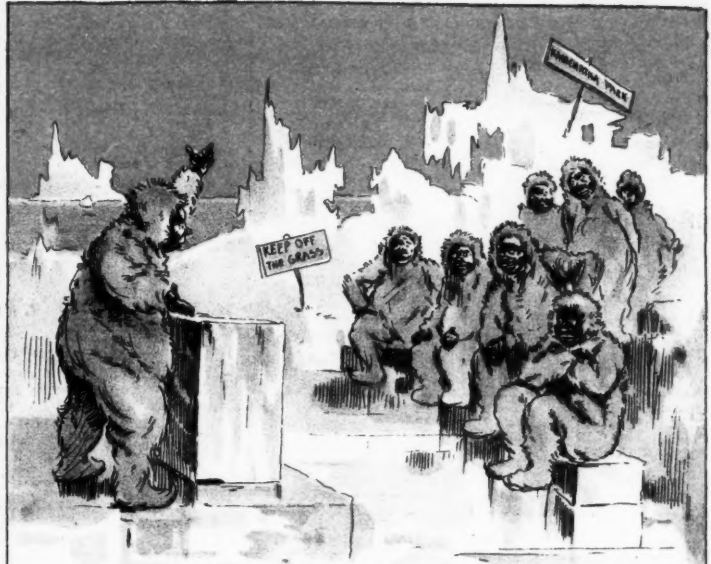
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"Policeman Mulcahy, of the 99,999th precinct, yesterday arrested Mr. Grizzly Joseph for discharging fire-arms within the city limits."



"The speech of Mr. Wal. Russ at the North-End Republican Club, was not received with any great degree of warmth."



"The son of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Jim Panzee, was yesterday severely injured by falling from a tree."



"At a meeting of the Common Council, last night, it was decided that for the present the city limits extended far enough."



"While our honored townsman, Mr. Black, was presiding at a missionary banquet last night, his wife eloped with a perfect stranger."



"We take great pleasure in announcing that the Universal Illuminating Co., (Unlimited,) has been awarded the contract for lighting the city."



"A new world's record for the long jump was yesterday established at a meeting of the South Chicago Athletic Club by Mr. K. Angaroo."